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Aubrey Ferrin Smith

September 21 · 🌐

Trevor Milton is my cousin. On September 12, 1999--the day of our grandfather's funeral--Trevor sexually assaulted me. I was 15 years old, and he was 17.

To be clear, he did not rape me. He did assault me.

Following the funeral service, we went to our uncle's house. We have a large family, and several of the cousins were watching a movie together. At some point, he and I were the only ones left in the room, and the door was closed. He asked me if I wanted a back massage.

I was an LDS (Mormon) kid, and had never even held anyone's hand. I was beyond sheltered and incredibly naive.

In his characteristically nonchalant and charismatic (yet demeaning) way, he told me that he was taking a massage class in school. Everyone in class would take their shirt off during massages. It was what masseuses had their clients do. Everyone did it. Basically, I would be a dumb, paranoid prude if I didn't do it, too.

I felt awkward, and pressured, and didn't know what to think. Of course it would be fine. After all, he had the Priesthood, he was going on a mission soon. He was my cousin. Of course I could trust him. If I couldn't be safe with family, who could I trust? I took my shirt off.

Then he told me that the girls in the class always took their bras off, because the straps got in the way. As he said that, he took mine off. 100% without my permission. Just went for it. I froze. I couldn't make sense of what was happening. Tiny, naive, sheltered Mormon girl that I was, I could not process that this was occurring. My head was pounding, and I felt sick.

He groped me on the day of my grandpa's funeral. Luckily, someone knocked on the door. They didn't come in the room, but it was enough to snap me out of it. In shock, I left.

The next day as he and his family were leaving, he smiled at me and grabbed my arm, pulling me into a prolonged hug. He said he had fun

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The next day as he and his family were leaving, he smiled at me and grabbed my arm, pulling me into a prolonged hug. He said he had fun "hanging out" with me.

Years later, when he pretended not to know my name at a family event, I confronted him about it. He twisted it to make it seem like it was my fault. Trevor has always been very manipulative. He said he was "sorry, but if it had been anyone other than a cousin, [I] would tell the girl to fuck off and stop being crazy."

Trevor has physically hurt one other person I know in our family, who personally told me about it. It was brutal and brazen and shockingly callous. He comes in like a locust, devours whatever he wants, and leaves the rest to burn.

I am not a mental health professional. However, combined with his pathological lies, narcissistic grandiosity, charisma, large-scale fraud, impulsiveness, extreme aggression, and complete disregard for the physical well-being of other people, I have long suspected that he has anti-social personality disorder, aka, that Trevor Milton is a sociopath and a narcissist.

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